

DONALD
DONALDSON, JR.

Being a True Record and Explanation
of the Same Mystery Now An-
nounced With the Name of the
Public Mind, and of an
Eighty, Which is the
Key of the Same

By HOWARD FIELDING

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CHAPTER X.

THE MYSTERY OF JIM BUNN.
I regard the bogus professor as the most reasonable supposition is that he had been hired by Kelvin to "investigate" Donald. Yet there were objections to this theory. The man had come upon his errand too openly. If he had represented Kelvin in such a matter, he would probably have made some other excuse for his visit, thus attempting to take Donald off his guard. So far as I could see, the emissary had gained nothing whatever, and it was difficult to imagine that he could have hoped to gain anything by such a method. Altogether the affair was very perplexing until a new point of view was shown to me by Donald.

A few days after the impostor's departure I left the office. In the latter part of the noon hour. The men were returning from dinner. There was already a crowd in the narrow strip of shade beside the factory, and in the blazing sun some of the younger fellows were throwing ball. With them was Donald in his college uniform, and he seemed to be giving instruction.

There was much pride that summer in our baseball nine, which had won against all opponents. As I approached the players Donald was illustrating some method of holding the ball in one's fingers in order to "put a jump into it," as I heard him say. Beside him stood poor little Tim Healy, leaning upon his crutch. He was looking up at Donald with eyes of adoration and drinking in wisdom which his crippled body would never permit him to use.

"Like this," he exclaimed, taking the ball from Donald's hand and clapping it in his long, thin fingers, while he made a feat of throwing it.

"That's right, Tim," said Donald; "you've got the knack of it."

The cripple flushed with pride as he gave the ball to the big fellow who was the real pupil.

Little Tim beholds in Donald the realization of all which he himself would ask of the fairies if they should come to him as servants of his dearest wish. He would have but one—to be like Donald. I had watched this hero worship for some years, and its warm sincerity, matched with the great kindness and delicacy of my boy's response to it, has sometimes brought the tears to my eyes.

Healy's condition is due to an injury which he received when he was eight years old. It disabled his left leg and shoulder, stunted his growth and in addition made him totally deaf for several years. I have always regretted that his misfortune was not brought promptly to my attention. One overlooks so many of these things. When I learned the facts, at the time of his father's death, I had a good doctor take charge of the boy's case, with the result that his hearing was restored, though there was at first no hope of it. His deformities were beyond cure. When he had had his schooling, I took him into my employ. He was some years older than Donald, but, having lost a part of his youth, he waited as long as possible to gather up all that remained.

I learned from Donald that the ball nine "had all northern New Jersey in a panic" and from Timothy Healy, treasurer, that the finances of the organization did not require the small assistance which I should have been willing to offer. Then the 1 o'clock whistle blew, and Donald and I were left ourselves.

"I've been thinking about the fellow who wasn't Professor Severn," said I. "What do you suppose Mr. Kelvin expected to get out of you?"

"Out of me?" he responded. "Out of whom, then?" said I.

"Uncle John," he replied, "this is a subject upon which I don't seem to get much light. I can only make a few wild guesses."

"For instance?"

Donald made some small, mysterious passes in the air with the ball but which he carried in his right hand as we walked along.

"That man was a detective," said he. "He was paid to find out something, to do secret work. Isn't it a mistake, then, to consider the work which he did openly? I think that his interest in me may have been only a blind."

"But he didn't do anything else," I objected.

"He had some long talks with my father," said Donald, "and with you. He had planned to go driving with you when he was suddenly called away."

I replied that I could not guess what the man had hoped to do with me unless to kidnap me and hold me for ransom. Neglecting this jest, Donald asked me if there were any way in which my business could be attacked. He had read something in a newspaper about an attempt to force me into a trust.

"Such attempts have been made," I admitted. "I have been approached several times during the past year and a half, but if any of those men dream that they can coerce me they ought to wake up at the earliest possible moment. We have the best machinery in the world in that factory, Donald. We hold our patents hard and fast. Attempts have been made to undersell us at a loss and to hurt us with our customers in various parts of the country, but we are too strong for them. If we were in debt or if there were any way to interfere with our shipping arrangements the situation would be very different, but we control this branch railroad absolutely, and through it we hold ninety-nine year contracts with the main line, so that there is no possi-

ity of discriminating against us."

Donald tapped with the bat as if upon the head of an invisible enemy.

"Suppose that you didn't control the branch," said he.

"Then," I replied, "it would be all up with us. The manufacturer must own the railroad or the railroad will own the manufacturer."

"But there are other factories in this town," he perorated.

"Because of our great mercy they continue to exist, my son," said I. "You will observe that none of them is a carpet factory."

"The branch is a stock company, of course?" said he.

"It is officially known as the Tunbridge and Wells Junction Railroad company," I replied. "There are 10,000 shares of stock of the par value of \$100 each. It is rarely on the market, but the last sale, as I remember, was at 130. The value has greatly advanced of late. A little more than a year ago there was quite a block of it for sale. I bought some, and your father and Carl and Mr. Bunn bought 100 shares each. We got it at about 105. It was upon my advice that the others invested in it."

"Wasn't that quite a large purchase for Mr. Bunn?" said Donald. "I wouldn't have thought that he could raise \$10,500. I'm not asking for idle curiosity, uncle," he added earnestly.

"Mr. Bunn put up about half the money," I replied, "and I made up the balance. The hundred shares stand in my name, but he can have them whenever he pays what is due. Meanwhile he draws the dividends on the whole lot. I shan't charge him interest on the money which I advanced. I wanted him to make a good investment, you understand. If left to himself, Bunn always makes bad ones. That's why I hold the stock in my name. I'm afraid he'll sell it and lose the money. It's a friendly arrangement."

"You couldn't prevent Mr. Bunn from taking the stock if he paid you your money, could you?" asked Donald, and I replied in the negative.

We were just entering my grounds. Donald stopped suddenly and leaned against one of the gate posts, as if overcome by a sudden exhaustion. I observed that his face, which had been flushed as a result of his recent exercise in the heat, had grown quite pale.

"Wait a minute, uncle," he said, and I stood stock still, staring at him. "Mr. Bunn will do that within three days."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "Pay that money? He hasn't got it."

"He will get it," responded the boy firmly. "Mr. Kelvin will give it to him."

"Kelvin?" I exclaimed. "Why should he do it?"

"Will you let me ask you a question, uncle?" said Donald. "Did Professor Severn—the fellow who wasn't Professor Severn—talk to you about the branch road?"

My memory suddenly began to work with astonishing clearness and rapidity.

"We were standing by the office one day," said I, "and he pointed down toward the station and mentioned the curious circumstance that while traveling in the west he had met a man who held stock in that road. Naturally asked him who it was, and he named my cousin, Silas Harrington. A very agreeable man," said our professor, "but eccentric. He told me that he never lived more than six months in one place. What part of the world has he reached by this time?"

"And you told him?" said Donald, wiping his dripping forehead.

"Yes; I told him that Silas was in Colorado Springs the last that I heard of him."

"How much stock does he hold?" I replied that to the best of my recollection the amount was 200 shares. "We must telegraph to him," said Donald.

"Do you mean to tell me," said I, "that a serious attempt is being made to get control of the branch?"

"There is no doubt of it," he responded, with a groan. "I should have told you before, but I didn't know the truth until today. It was all guess work. But they can't do it, uncle. They can't really do it!"

"I don't see how it's possible," said I. "There's the whole Hackett interest to reckon with. Why, William Hackett and the other heirs control almost two-fifths of the stock!"

"I'm afraid Kelvin has it by this time," said Donald almost in a whisper.

"My boy," said I very seriously, "is not this pretty deep water? I'm afraid you're relying too much upon yourself."

"I'm relying upon you, Uncle John, all that I can," he replied. "I'm fighting for my life and more than my life. That's the truth about it. You know that for any trivial motive I would not take advantage of—make use of—"

He could not go on, but I understood him. His instinctive knowledge of these plots against me had driven him to rely upon his special gift, and in the use of it he knew not how to work in full harmony with an ordinary man like me. Much that he knew was doubtless too vague to be put into words, and certainly it was susceptible of no rational proof. I then saw more clearly than ever before how terrible a burden this mysterious power might be, and I fully understood why those who possess it deny the possession and zealously strive to turn the inward eye away from such revelations.

Yet I suspected that Donald was assisted by disclosures of a more palpable nature. There was a tangible explanation of his knowledge of Kelvin's part in these designs. I could not ask the boy to lay bare his soul to me, to disclose the inner mysteries of an endowment which I should doubtless be wholly unable to comprehend, but I thought that he ought to confide in me in all things of the common sort. Therefore I asked him straight out whether he had derived any information from Amy Kelvin in regard to her father's underhand schemes.

"None whatever," he replied, looking me straight in the eyes.

"Does this information depend upon the exercise of a peculiar power not possessed by the generality of mankind?" said I.

He hesitated a moment, struggling with himself.

"It does," Uncle John," he answered. "But—but you're all at sea. You don't in the least know what I mean. This power can be acquired by anybody—absolutely by anybody who is not blind, dumb and idiotic. Yet not five in a million ever pay the slightest attention to it. Great heavens! A person can't throw a ball unless he learns. Now, please don't ask me any more questions or I shall lie to you."

He seemed overwhelmed with that shame, as for a deformity, which the psychic power always seems to carry with it.

"I will press you no further, my boy," said I, "but it would occur to me that you might perhaps be able to confide more fully in your parents."

"I can't!" I cried. "I can't bring myself to speak of it. I can't ever help you any more unless we cease to talk of the means."

"Then we will cease to talk of them," said I. "Do your best, my boy. Tell me whatever comes to you, and I will mention it to no one. Meanwhile in regard to this particular business matter I am very glad to be warned, but I do not think that there is much danger."

In the hurry of my thoughts I had forgotten what Donald had said about Jim Bunn, though this was the most shocking and surprising feature of the disclosure. It was impossible for me to believe that this man who for thirty years had served me faithfully would form an alliance with my enemies. He had always seemed to be devoted to my interests, he had run to me with all his troubles, he had found me his friend in the many difficulties into which his injudicious investments had involved him, for Bunn was one of those men whose business judgment is excellent in his employer's affairs and persistently wrong in his own. Certainly he was bound to me by ties of gratitude; but, above and beyond this, I believed him to be a man of honor.

Recurring to this matter, I insisted that Donald must be mistaken, yet, while the words were on my lips, I had no great confidence in them. My heart believed that if he predicted this ever it would occur. Still, might redeem his stock from me at not be a traitor. This view I suggested to Donald.

"It may be true," said he. "And, at any rate, I want you to promise me that you will not let Bunn know that you have any suspicion."

"I don't see that, Donald," said I. "If Bunn is tempted to sell this stock, he may not know who is buying it. Even if he knows Kelvin to be the buyer and is tempted by a fancy price he may not be aware that there is a chance of a successful fight against me in the company. I can talk him into the right line of conduct. Jim Bunn knows me. He will do what I say."

Donald looked at me with an expression of extreme desperation.

"If I beg of you not to do this," he cried, "will you take my advice? I give you my word of honor that I can foresee the end of it all and that you will be glad if you follow my way."

"May I consult with any one?" I asked, thinking of his father.

He seized my hand with a grip that seemed to paralyze my arm to the shoulder.

"Please, please, don't say a word to anybody," he exclaimed. "I want your promise that you won't."

I looked him in the eyes and gave the word that he asked. It was partly su-

perstition that led me to do it, partly my affection for the boy, and both these influences were modified by my feeling that no harm could come of my promise and that there was something adventurous and exciting in this affair—something that I would like to follow through to the end.

That afternoon Jim Bunn came to me and told a rambling story of success in various ventures. He seemed to be lying, but he had the advantage of a demeanor always so nervous and restless that the signs of prevarication could not appear upon him as upon an ordinary man.

I heard his story quietly, and when at the end of it he produced the money with which to redeem his stock I made no comment. It would have been better to congratulate him, but I am not a good hand at such deceptions.

In spite of this verification of Donald's prediction I did not believe that the danger was serious. However, I began an investigation immediately, telegraphing to Silas Harrington and to other holders of the branch stock.

I discovered that my cousin had left Colorado Springs for parts unknown and that earnest inquiry was being made for him, doubtless in the interests of my enemies.

I learned in the course of a few days that Kelvin was heavily interested in the trust which was endeavoring to gain control of my factory; that he had secured options on the entire Hackett interest; that he had privately bought out some of my old friends right here in this little town of Tunbridge and had gained a paramount in-

fluence over others so that they would certainly vote against me at the meeting. The power of the money which he commanded seemed to surround me upon all sides, and though my position was so strong that I had great confidence of victory, still I perceived that I might say in the words of Donald—words, by the way, which had contained an element of mystery beyond my power to solve at that time—that I was "fighting for my life and more than my life." For independence, to a man of my years and long cherished habits of thought, was the very essence of my existence. That the business which I had worked to build up should be swamped and lost in some vast aggregation of capital without heart or feeling for it, would have been too heavy a blow for me to bear with patience at any time of life or even to bear at all, perhaps.

CHAPTER XI.
MYSTERY OF THE DEAD MIER'S HAND.

WHILE I was quietly endeavoring to secure as much of the branch stock as could be had, Kelvin made a somewhat more open move than I had expected at this stage of the game. He appeared in the office of the railroad, at the junction, accompanied by William Hackett, and the transfer of the entire Hackett interest was recorded upon the books. It amounted to 3,000 shares.

Afterward Hackett came over to see me at Tunbridge and told me that this action was in accordance with his own stipulation. He had refused to sell at any price or to use his influence to secure the stock from the other heirs unless Kelvin would agree. In writing, to declare himself the owner through the usual medium of the stockbook before a certain date.

"That was very honorable in you, William," said I. "But I wish you had given me a chance at the stock."

"The deal was proposed to me in confidence," he rejoined. "I could not disclose it to you. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "I wouldn't have had the face to ask you to meet his terms."

This was all that I could make him say about a price which Kelvin had paid.

"I knew what he wanted it for," said he, "but it's a wild financial nightmare. Kelvin will never get control of this road."

"He will come mighty close to it, William," said I.

Upon the same day at a later hour I received a call from Kelvin. He came to my office to see me, and the shock of that surprise was considerable to a man of my years.

Kelvin is capable of that engaging frankness of deportment which characterizes the man who does not see anything wrong in lying. He mentioned his investment in the branch stock as if it had been something that I should be glad to hear of. When he moved into a town, he said, it was always his way to get a property interest aside from a mere house in which to live. It made him feel free to go ahead and take a hand in the town's affairs. He had bought this branch stock because it was a good investment and because it would identify him with Tunbridge, which, because of its situation, depended so much upon the railroad for its prosperity.

When he had finished this address, I perceived that the real reason of his visit did not lie in that matter at all. This amiable mention of it had merely paved the way for something else. While he was preparing to introduce this other subject, the nature of which I could not guess, Donald stropped into the office, and, seeing Kelvin, he was about to back out again.

"Nothing private," said Kelvin. "Don't go on my account. I'd be glad to have you stay. This is a case where superhuman agencies will be welcome."

"A case in which they would be welcome to me, sir," said Donald, "would be a distinct novelty in my experience."

I recognized a flavor of little Rollo in this remark which let me know that Donald was disturbed in mind.

"As an old resident of Tunbridge," said Kelvin, turning to me, "you will remember Ezra Walmsley."

I have already mentioned this old miser whose mortal part—with the exception of the right hand—lay buried in Tunbridge cemetery. He was a most unpleasant creature, a sullen and brutal scowler against all things sacred, and a man of secret and mysterious ways. The house in which he lived had long been viewed with disfavor by the superstitious, for it had a history before Walmsley's day. It was set with a corner to the road and had been painted red in some dim date of old times, but the paint had weathered to a dingy black, upon which, in certain states of the atmosphere, dull spots like faded blood stains would appear in curious designs. When Walmsley died, his hoard proved to be very small, though there were stories of large sums hidden. What was found the public administrator took charge of for lack of an heir.

"Yes," I replied to Kelvin. "I knew him, but there is an old maxim which would prevent my saying anything about him now that he is dead."

"Don't know any good of him, eh?" responded Kelvin. "Well, I guess there wasn't much to know. But to get back to business. My property up here, The Elms, used to be called the Stoughton place. That family in this town goes back to colonial times. Ezra Walmsley married a Stoughton after the family had lost its money and was nearly extinct. When Mrs. Walmsley died, she was supposed to be the very last of the Stoughton blood. Soon afterward, along in the early sixties, Walmsley, as the heir of his wife, brought suit for this property which is now mine. He claimed that there had been no legal transfer."

"That was his contention," said I. "A family named Westcott then owned the place. Norman Westcott, the head of the family, was a colonel in the Union army and a fine fighting man. Because Colonel Westcott was busy putting down the rebellion Walmsley thought that the chance of making trouble with his suit was quite good, but the colonel came back, and the suit was settled. The whole truth never came out, so far as I know. It was very much of a mystery, as I remember. About that time Walmsley lost his right hand,

nobody knew how. There was a legend that he had sold it to the devil, but if so he didn't get his price, which could hardly have been anything else than the fine property now known as Kelvin Elms."

"What do you suppose the facts were?" asked Kelvin.

"The facts commonly known," I replied, "were that the public record of the transfer of the property from the Stoughtons to the Westcotts had been destroyed and that Colonel Westcott could not produce any deed, or, to be more exact, Mrs. Westcott couldn't produce it. Just what happened when the colonel suddenly and unexpectedly appeared no one could find out. He may have shown the deed to Walmsley and thus have ended the proceedings, but there is another story to the effect that Walmsley had this deed himself and that Westcott got it away from him either by force or by a payment."

"How did Walmsley get it?" inquired Kelvin.

"The story told by those who seemed to know," said I, "was that it had been stolen by thieves who entered the house, and that Walmsley, who was generally believed to be a receiver of stolen goods, bought this document with the rest of the plunder. That there was a robbery in the old Stoughton house I know positively. It was said that Walmsley lost his hand in a quarrel with these thieves; that it was so badly injured as to necessitate amputation. The name of a doctor was mentioned, but if he did the work he held the fact to be a professional secret."

"When I bought the place," said Kelvin, "I was aware of this saw in the title, but I was assured that there was not a Stoughton heir nor a Walmsley heir on the face of the earth."

"I don't believe that there is one," said I. "Walmsley had a son, but he died."

"Can you prove it?" demanded Kelvin.

"No," I admitted. "He didn't die here. Yet I think it is susceptible of proof. He died in early childhood, as I remember."

"A man has appeared in this town who claims to be that son," said Kelvin. "He has threatened me with a suit. Now, the fellow is an impostor on the face of him. He doesn't appear with legal counsel. He came to see me a couple of days ago with some sort of documentary rubbish to prove his identity, and he asked me in the name of justice to move out of the house. I told him to move out pretty quick. He did, saying that he'd come back, but he hasn't. I shouldn't ordinarily regard such a claim as having any importance, though these blackmailing suits are a confounded nuisance, and if this rascal really could make out any sort of a case he'd have me in a tight place. I'd probably have to pay him something."

"It would be hard to prove the death of Walmsley's son at this late date," said I.

"That's true," said he, "and yet I'd be willing to take my chances. But here's another feature of the case: My brother, Cobb, who stole the diamonds, is out on bail. I was going very light on him, for, after all, he furnished us with a most interesting experience, thanks to our young friend here, and besides he didn't really get away with anything; so the charge against him was made as mild as the law would allow, and bail was fixed at \$500. It has been furnished in cash. He was released yesterday, early in the afternoon, and he came right up to my house—made a bee line for it, as I've learned by inquiry. Naturally he didn't feel like presenting himself at the front door, so he got into the house by a window of the library. I happened to go to that room after lunch and met the man face to face."

There seemed to be something amusing in the recollection, for Kelvin grinned.

"Upon my word, he's a cool one!" he continued. "He was just taking down a book to read. Said he thought that he'd improve his mind while waiting for me. Your morals are what need improving," said I. "Your mind's all right." After that we got right down to business, and he said that he had heard of the threatened suit against me and that he could be of assistance to me if I would treat him fairly. Naturally I asked him what he could do, and after some backing and filling he said that he could produce the missing deed."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Kelvin," said Donald. "Did he tell you how he had got news of the suit?"

"I couldn't corner him on that point," answered Kelvin, "but I have a shrewd idea. His lawyer is Joe Harvey, the worst shyster in these parts, as I'm told. Now, I believe that the whole job has been put up by Harvey and that it is based upon facts told him by Cobb."

"That seems likely," said I. "Belong to your house, Cobb would naturally pry into everything that might be of use to him. He probably heard the old story of Walmsley's suit and the missing deed."

"It's some kind of a game, of course," continued Kelvin, "but here is the fact: If this fellow can really produce this deed, I'm willing to pay something for it and ask no questions. More than that, I'll do my best to withdraw the charge of theft against Cobb in the matter of the diamonds."

I told Kelvin that I thought it a great mistake to permit a rascal to triumph in this way and go scot free after a crime which really had no excuse. In my opinion, one should take the side of the law in such matters for the protection of the community. If Cobb had been a sorely tempted man I would have wished to see the utmost leniency shown to him, but he had committed a bold crime and was now following it up with another. The place for such a man is the penitentiary."

"In a business matter," said Kelvin. "I never lose sight of this one great point—What is it that I'm after? In this case it is the deed that completes my title to the Elms. If I could get it for nothing and send Cobb to the penitentiary to boot, I'd do it. Perhaps

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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WAR STORY

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At the beginning of 1863 the Mississippi river was still closed to the Federal army and navy in spite of Farragut's gallant deeds at New Orleans and the running of the upper batteries by his ships during 1862. General N. P. Banks had succeeded Butler in command at New Orleans, and the president had put him there for the express purpose of "opening up the Mississippi." The Confederates blocked the river with their land batteries at Port Hudson and Vicksburg and had all the approaches by land and water to these river strongholds well guarded by troops on land and a numerous flotilla of little light draft gunboats.

Banks decided to attack Port Hudson, but instead of going at it direct up the river he chose to turn it by marching his army in through Louisiana from the west. The Confederates kept a strong force on the Teche, with the gunboat Cotton at hand to defend the waters. Banks stationed Weitzel's brigade on the shores of Berwick bay to watch the enemy on the Teche and placed at Weitzel's command four little light draft gunboats to aid in holding the position.

As often happens, the opposing leaders, Taylor of the Confederates and Weitzel, got into fighting humor at the same time. Taylor made ready to fall upon Weitzel on Berwick bay, and Weitzel took the notion of wiping out the gunboat Cotton, which he learned had been newly fitted up with guns and stationed in the Teche to guard the channel. The Cotton had been converted from a large Mississippi steamer into a formidable floating fort, protected with cotton bales and a casing of railroad iron. She was heavily armed and commanded by resolute men. Having been driven out of Berwick bay some weeks before, she had backed up the Teche, which was too narrow to admit of her turning, and stood at bay in front of two lines of earthworks extending from either shore at right angles with the channel. These works were manned by 1,500 men and armed with ten 24 pound guns. In front of the batteries a line of rifle pits covered a force of sharpshooters who had open range down the channel. To further buffet an attacking force the Confederates had planted a nest of torpedoes and other channel obstructions below the Cotton's anchorage.

Weitzel's column bivouacked the night of Jan. 13 three miles from the gunboat Cotton. Early on the 14th two detachments deployed on either side of the bayou and marched forward simultaneously, while the little gunboat fleet ascended the channel. The channel being narrow, the fleet, composed of the flagship Calhoun, T. McKean Buchanan, the Estrella, Diana and Kinsman, steamed in line, the Calhoun leading.

Buchanan had been in the same waters some weeks before with his little fleet, and, although warned by torpedoes below the Confederate position, he moved fearlessly ahead until stopped by obstructions planted in the channel. His ships were all inferior to the Cotton and had been hastily built to cope with the enemy's boats on the inland waters of Louisiana.

Weitzel's land column contained three batteries, and these, with the guns of the navy, opened fire upon the Cotton and the Confederate breastworks. Although the little fleet stopped before the obstructions in the channel, the first line of troops rushed ahead on both sides of the bayou. This line consisted of 120 picked men, sixty from the Eighth Vermont led by Captain Dutton and the same number from the Seventy-fifth New York under Lieutenant Whiteside. The men were the crack shots of the brigade and under cover of the fire from the batteries made their way to within easy range of the Cotton.

Opening brisk fire upon the Cotton, the sharpshooters killed her pilots and several of the crew. A bullet also disabled the arm of Captain Palmer. Meanwhile the Confederates in the first line of pits took for their target the flagship Calhoun, which was aground or fouled by the obstructions. Commander Buchanan took his station on deck regardless of danger to direct the fire of the bow guns. He was instantly killed and his gunners driven from their places by the pitiless fire rained upon them from shore.

Word of the death of Buchanan, the plight of his ship and the attack on the Cotton caused Weitzel to push forward his land column independent of support from the navy. The Seventy-fifth New York and Eighth Vermont formed for the charge under cover of buildings and advanced upon the rear of the rifle pits nearest the Calhoun. The men in the pits were Louisianians, zealous in the defense of their homes and so intent upon destroying the Federal flagship that they paid no attention to the Federal troops until the Vermonters were close upon the pits. Firing a volley at short range, they abandoned the field, all except an officer and forty men captured in the pits by the Eighth Vermont.

By the retreat of the Louisianians from the advance line of pits the tables were turned and the Cotton in peril, but her commander kept the deck in spite of his wound and, taking the place of the dead pilot at the wheel, where she lay under the protection of a redoubt on the west bank. The Seventy-fifth New York was marching up the west bank, preceded at some distance by the skirmishers, who covered

themselves from Confederate view by hillocks and other shelter as they advanced. Seeing the Cotton backing out of the fight, her guns went silent and no sign of belligerency in her crew. Lieutenant Whiteside rushed to the bank of the bayou and called out to the ship to strike her colors.

Whiteside was almost alone, for his men were scattered about stealing toward the enemy's trenches or watching cover that might hide a Confederate marksman. The main body of the regiment was not yet up with the retreating gunboat. No answer came to the lieutenant's hail from the crew of the gunboat, but a bullet from the swampy cackle on the other side of the bayou crashed through his brain, and the second brave leader on the Federal side was out of the fight.

The dash of the Eighth Vermont upon the rifle pits of the Louisianians was a blow in the flank and a complete surprise as well. From the captured pits the Vermonters marched in line of battle up the bayou to the main line of Confederate works extending from the bank at right angles. These were opposite the redoubt on the west bank, where the Cotton lay and which the Seventy-fifth New York would encounter should it continue to advance. Summoned to the protection of the Cotton from the New Yorkers, the Confederates in the breastworks had crossed the bayou on a floating bridge, thus concentrating all the strength of Taylor on the west bank.

The Vermonters took possession of the abandoned trenches and deployed scouts to the bank of the bayou. The scouts on the other side the presence of the Vermonters in the earthworks, and two rifled guns in the redoubt sent shells crashing across the bayou into the Vermont line. The Vermonters stood alone on the east side of the bayou and had no batteries with them. A channel which was unfordable separated them from the remainder of the brigade, while the Confederates had guns within range of the position, also a bridge under cover of those guns by which they might cross and overpower the isolated Federals.

Retiring his men beyond range, the Vermont colonel put his line in bivouac for the night, which was at hand, cold and stormy. In order to deceive the en-



KILLED AT HIS POST.

emy as to the strength of the Federals on the east bank the Vermonters built a long line of fires outside their picket line. The Confederate commander planned a desperate countercharge on both banks of the bayou, but the Federal campfires made the task appear hazardous, and instead of attacking he retreated before daylight on the 15th with his whole command.

During the night the gunboat Cotton was seen by the Federals to burst into flames. She had been swung across the channel and set on fire, and after the upper works burned away the hull sank to the bed of the bayou, completely blocking it against Weitzel's gunboats. With the Cotton destroyed Weitzel had accomplished his purpose and recalled his troops to the ships. A squadron of Confederate cavalry followed the Vermonters to the cover of the gunboats.

The fight on Bayou Teche was the baptism of fire for the Eighth Vermont, yet it escaped with few scratches, although it captured forty-one of the Louisianians. Its good fortune was due to the fact that it flanked the enemy's position and gave him a complete surprise. But for its sudden and gallant dash at the right time the Calhoun would doubtless have been lost while it lay aground under the fire of the Louisianians.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Drawing the Line.

The Artist—What do you think of this water color sketch?

The Kentuckian—I never give anything that has water in it a thought.—Chicago News.

A Harassing Doubt.

"Oh, Maggie, if I could only make myself believe that he loves me for myself, and not because he muddles keeps at fruit stand!"—Bazar.

Frontrow. The leading man doesn't look like an actor.

Parquet. No, and what's more, he doesn't act like one.—Chicago News.

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

there may be a way to manage that." "It is my judgment," said I, "that the fellow has a bogus deed for sale."

"The same thing occurred to me, of course," responded Kelvin, "and for



"Come up to the house and talk it over," said Kelvin.

that reason I put Cobb off. If I'd asked him to produce his document, I should not have known whether it was genuine or not."

"He couldn't have had it in his pocket, Mr. Kelvin," said Donald. "The fellow had just come from jail, where he was searched."

"If it is bogus," I suggested, "Joe Harvey probably made it and now has it in his office."

Kelvin rubbed the knees of his trousers with the palms of his hands, a way he had when approaching the one great point—"What is it that I'm after?"

"I'm told that you are an expert in these matters, Mr. Harrington," said he. "I've made some quiet inquiries and have come to the conclusion that there isn't a lawyer in this county—in fact, that there isn't a man of any profession anywhere—who could pass up on the genuineness of that document better than you could."

I said that I had been much overpraised to him, but admitted that I had made some study of documentary evidence bearing upon real estate titles in that region. Every public record of any importance was destroyed by fire forty odd years ago, with the result that many a bit of property thereabout was in the same status as Kelvin Elms.

"If the document comes into your possession," said I, "it will give me pleasure to assist you in any way that lies within the scope of my ability."

"I've made an appointment with Cobb for tomorrow evening," said Kelvin. "Meanwhile I've got your friend Graves Reedy keeping an eye on him so that if he's got the document stowed away anywhere and goes to take a look at it I may be spared the expense of paying him for it."

"Unless I misjudge Cobb," said Donald, "he will be too shrewd to do such a thing and fully shrewd enough to find out that Mr. Reedy is watching him."

Kelvin wheeled around to his chair and beamed upon Donald, rubbing his knees meanwhile with great enthusiasm. It is lucky that the man can afford as many pairs of trousers as he may require, for he must wear them out fast.

"Perhaps you can save us all further trouble in this matter," said he. "What do the psychic influences say about it? Understand," he added hastily, observing that Donald looked dangerous, "I'm no seer. I may speak lightly of these matters, but I'm not such a fool as to assert that there's nothing in them. Why, I've seen with my own eyes. You found those diamonds, and I'm free to say that I don't believe there's another two-legged creature on earth who could have followed that fellow's trail as you did."

"Some of the lower animals possess remarkable instincts," said Donald, smiling. "I would not pretend to match them. As to this present matter, I am completely ignorant, I don't know a thing about it."

He arose and walked around the room. That uneasiness which was by this time familiar to my eye was upon him.

"Let me suggest," he faltered after several attempts to express himself, "that you shouldn't go too fast in this affair. I'd like to help you if I could."

"Come up to the house and talk it over," said Kelvin. "We don't see enough of you."

It was quite true that the Kelvins saw little of Donald. He seemed to avoid Mrs. Kelvin when she came to our house, though his manner toward her when she succeeded in finding him was never lacking in respect. Indeed he had the power to draw out the very best that was in the woman, and there were times that they were together when I have been able to understand how Mrs. Kelvin happened to be blessed with so amiable a daughter.

I tried to get Donald to speak of this blackmailing affair after Kelvin had left us together, but he insisted that he had no intimations regarding it except an unfounded belief that the deed offered for sale by Cobb was genuine. I would rather trust one of Donald's "unfounded" beliefs than any other kind, and I told him so, whereupon he plunged deeper into the distress that always marked the approach of the condition in which psychic revelations were granted to him.

Presently he wandered out, and I did not see him again until dinner time. After dinner he got upon a horse, and it was late when he returned, dusty and tired. The night was very warm, and we were all out of doors. Donald sat down on the steps of the veranda at his mother's feet, and she supported his head upon her knee.

"We have decided to stay in Tunbridge this summer," said she. "We shan't go to the seashore for August."

There's so much trouble about this miserable stockholders' meeting, which doesn't occur until the 15th."

"Who have decided to stay in Tunbridge?" asked Donald.

"All of us," she replied. "Carl and your father don't feel that they can take any vacation before the meeting, and by that time the summer will be nearly gone. But we shall be very gay here. Carl and I have been planning a lawn party for Aug. 20, so that you and little Amy Kelvin may dance together on the green. Her father will have been nicely beaten, in his nefarious schemes by that time, so that there'll be no bar to perfect harmony between the families."

"I wouldn't do it, little mother," said Donald softly.

"Why?" she asked, bending over him. She had detected the serious note in his voice. She knew that he truly meant what he said.

Donald and Carl were talking earnestly in what might be called the background of our little group. I was in the middle distance, and, while ostensibly occupied with what the other men were saying, I had an ear for Donald.

"I think it's going to rain on Aug. 20," said he after a pause.

"Tell the truth," she commanded, forcing him to look up into her eyes.

"You will not feel like giving a fête on that day," said Donald hurriedly. "Something is going to happen. You will be surprised and grieved; you will wish that you hadn't issued any invitations for people to come here. Now, please don't worry. Promise me that you won't. It had to happen. You won't ask me any more questions, will you? You've been such a good mother all through this crazy, dreadful summer. Wait just a little longer. Trust me and believe in me. Nobody else loves anybody in the world so much as I love you."

She bent down close to him, and I did not hear what she said, nor did I hear his reply, which was very earnestly uttered, as I could see by the expression of his face. The light from a hanging lamp struck down upon him. He looked very handsome and wonderfully like his mother. The resemblance seemed to leap out into view. It was almost as if her face had been mirrored for a moment in his. What I said must have reassured her, for she smiled and kissed him tenderly upon the forehead.

He arose presently, and I at the same time. We walked up and down together on the veranda.

"Have you been giving any thought to Mr. Kelvin's troubles?" I asked.

"I have thought what an uncharitable nerve the man had to come to you for assistance at this time," said Donald.

"It is both amusing and interesting," I replied. "Certainly I shall not refuse to help him, and I shall give him my best opinion as to the genuineness of the document if he recovers it. Will he get it?"

Donald understood perfectly that I consulted him as an oracle and that my question had no reference to ordinary human information. He twisted his hands nervously together before replying.

"Isn't Jim Bunn an expert on documents of that kind?" he asked. "Doesn't he know almost as much as you do about them?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if he knew more," said I.

"Couldn't you arrange it so that you and Mr. Bunn and I could be at Mr. Kelvin's tomorrow evening?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied, "but Cobb wouldn't talk before so many witnesses."

Donald stood still and rubbed his forehead.

"I have a curious impression about Cobb," said he. "I can't seem to see Cobb. Do you know a thin, sallow cheeked man with deep wrinkles drawn from his eyes to his chin, as if his nose and mouth were inclosed in marks of parenthesis? He's got a queer, side-long gait and always carries his left shoulder ahead of him when he walks."

"I don't know such a man," said I, "and yet I seem to be reminded of somebody."

"If there were any person of that description," said Donald, "I'd say that he would bring that paper to Mr. Kelvin. We might ask Mr. Bunn tomorrow. He knows everybody within forty miles of Tunbridge."

Next morning on my way to the office I called at The Elms and repeated Donald's proposal to Kelvin, who accepted it readily. Afterward I laid the case before Bunn and mentioned Donald's sketch of the person whom he seemed to see delivering the deed.

"The devil!" cried Bunn, whose nerves were in an even worse condition than usual. "That's old Walmesley himself!"

The description certainly fitted him, and yet I was not prepared to believe that he would rise from the grave in which he had lain for more than a score of years and alone for the fraud attempted in his life by restoring the document upon which it had depended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Friends.

Miss Gush—What do you suppose the result would be if we could hear what our friends say about us in our absence?

Miss Candor—I think we'd have a trifle more modesty and considerable fewer friends.—Town and Country.

Strict Attention.

"Why don't you look out at this beautiful scenery?"

"Oh, I am travelling on business and not for pleasure!"—Flegende Blätter.

Beware of the woman who loves money more than she loves love.—Chicago News.

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KNIGHTSANGERED

Over Success of Boot and Shoe Workers' Union at Lynn

ATTACK ON NEW CUTTERS

In Which the Whole Police Force Was Almost Overpowered—Violent Action in the Face of an Order of Notice for Injunction

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 21.—Despite the order of a notice for an injunction issued by the courts yesterday at the request of 15 shoe manufacturers of this city against the striking cutters of the Knights of Labor there was tumult, riot and almost bloodshed when the out-of-town cutters, supplied by the Boot and Shoe Workers' union, left their factories last night.

Rendered almost frenzied by the success of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union in getting nearly 100 cutters into the factories yesterday the strikers and their sympathizers twice almost overpowered the police in their efforts to capture the strike breakers. Three policemen were knocked down and others roughly handled, but the guardians of the peace, under the direction of Mayor Eastham himself, managed to beat off the rioters, and in addition arrested five men who appeared to be especially obnoxious. Three of these men were subsequently jailed out by the Knights of Labor, but the other two are not known to be identified with any union. At one time there were 1000 people jammed into Oxford street in front of W. H. Tuttle's factory, and here also the police fought valiantly to make way for the strike breakers.

As for the peaceful side of the contest the fortunes of the day seemed to favor the Boot and Shoe Workers' union. Cutters from other New England shoe centers, but principally from Maine, were placed in four of the 15 factories included in the strike, and in all about 44 strike breakers were given work.

The Boot and Shoe Workers' union who was also stiffened in the granting by Judge Wallt in the superior court at Salem of an order of notice for an injunction restraining the Knights of Labor cutters from visiting factories, inducing employees to leave work, loitering in the vicinity for the purpose of interfering with the workmen or intimidating any of the workmen.

On the other hand the Knights of Labor persuaded the 14 cutters who came here from Auburn, Me., and went to work at the Walton & Logan factory, to return home, and in addition received reinforcements from the freers at the Walton & Logan shop, who struck at noon. These freers announced that they would at once form a union in opposition to the Boot and Shoe Workers' union.

A number of the officials of the Knights of Labor, as well as of the officers of the new Women's Stitches' union, were served last night with notices of the injunction proceedings at Salem.

The stockholders in the union stamp factories organized a union last night known as the Sole Leather Workers of Lynn. While it is an independent organization it is in sympathy with the Knights of Labor, and therefore in opposition to the Boot and Shoe Workers' union.

Both sides held meetings last night, as did the Lynn Board of Trade, which latter organization passed resolutions deploring the strike.

Won't Violate Agreement

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 22.—One of the most important phases of the strike yesterday was the action of 10 shoe manufacturers using the union stamp, comprising all concerns where the Knights of Labor cutters are now on strike, who met yesterday afternoon and decided to employ only members of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union. They have an agreement with the union and declared that they would bind themselves to no other contract.

Little trouble was experienced last night when the Boot and Shoe Workers' union cutters left their work and were taken under police escort to their headquarters in Lesters' Hall, but this fact was due to the determined stand taken by the authorities, and not by any means to any change in attitude toward the strike breakers on the part of the crowds that filled the streets. Only one arrest was made.

Haverhill's Labor War

Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 20.—The officials of the Shoe Workers' Protective union, an independent organization bitterly opposed to the Boot and Shoe Workers' union, threaten to call out all the turn workmen in the city unless the manufacturers using the union stamp consent to recognize their union. A formal demand was made on the manufacturers today. The manufacturers want a few days in which to consider the demand, but the Shoe Workers' Protective union officials state that an immediate answer is requested.

Practical Appreciation

Chatham, Mass., Jan. 20.—A check for \$200 was received last night by Postmaster Nickerson from Benjamin C. Clark of Boston for the benefit of the members of the volunteer and the Monomoy life saving crews who pulled out into Chatham bay Sunday to the rescue of the crew of the schooner Elnelme G. Sawyer. Every man of the volunteer crew is in very moderate circumstances.

New Hampshire's Cash Account

Concord, N. H., Jan. 20.—In response to a resolution calling for a report of the financial condition of the state, Treasurer Carter last evening laid before the legislature a statement showing receipts from June 1, 1902, to Dec. 31, 1902, of \$1,250,000; expenditures, \$900,000; cash on hand, \$770,000.

GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

Sentence Passed Upon Motorman of Car That Killed Craig at Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 21.—The distressing incident connected with President Roosevelt's visit to the Berkshires hills last summer, when his carriage was demolished by an electric car, and his secret service guard, William Craig, killed, was finally closed yesterday in the superior court. Motorman Euclid Madden pleaded guilty to a charge of manslaughter, and was sentenced by Judge Pierce to six months in the house of correction and ordered to pay a fine of \$500, while Conductor James T. Kelley, who was also indicted, had his case placed on file.

Death of Abram Hewitt.
New York, Jan. 19.—Abram S. Hewitt, former mayor of New York and representative in congress from 1874 to 1887, died yesterday, aged 81, having been



critically ill for 10 days. With him at the moment of death were his wife, three sons and three daughters. Mr. Hewitt was attacked with obstructive jaundice on Jan. 8 and from the first it was realized that there was practically no hope of his recovery.

Streets Not For Bicyclists' Benefit

Providence, Jan. 22.—That a town or city is not required by law to keep its highways in repair for the benefit of bicyclists was decided yesterday in the common pleas division of the supreme court. The city maintained that while the law obliges municipal corporations to keep their highways in repair for conveyances and vehicles, it does not refer to bicycles.

May Go to Massachusetts Man

Washington, Jan. 21.—There are rumors to the effect that Commissioner Ware of the pension office may resign. Ware claims he has been abused just the same way Evans was, and is only holding on to please the president. If a change is made, it is said, Massachusetts G. A. R. men will urge one of their number for the position.

Death of Editor Gonzales

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 20.—The whole city of Columbia is in deep sorrow over the death at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon of N. G. Gonzales, editor of the State, who was shot by Lieutenant Governor Tillman last Thursday. There is no apparent anger or excitement, but an unnatural quiet, as though a great calamity had occurred.

Suicide of an Artist

Boston, Jan. 22.—While on his way from his home in Holyoke to the McLean asylum hospital in Waverley yesterday, Albert A. Seymour, an artist, aged 30, committed suicide in this city by shooting. He was suffering from mental trouble and was with friends who were to take him to the Waverley institution for treatment.

No New Details of Disaster

Washington, Jan. 22.—A telegram was received at the navy department yesterday saying that the battleship Massachusetts had left San Juan for her station off Culebra. It gave no additional details of the recent accident on the vessel, in which seven gunners lost their lives. The matter is now under investigation.

Gets \$7500 For Husband's Death

Portland, Me., Jan. 21.—In the supreme court yesterday the jury brought in a verdict for \$7500 against the Portland Gaslight company for Mrs. William J. Carey, whose husband was killed by an explosion at the gas works. A suit was brought on the ground that the explosion was due to the use of unsafe lamps.

Heavy Increase in Postal Receipts

Boston, Jan. 21.—Figures showing the amount of Boston's postal business during the last calendar year show that the total increase in receipts throughout the entire postal district amounted to \$294,672.11, of which amount the central office shows an increase of \$206,618.78, the stations supplying the remainder.

Anti-Trust Bill Adopted

Washington, Jan. 22.—A meeting of the full sub-committee of the House Judiciary committee was held yesterday and an anti-trust bill adopted. The Democratic members of the committee reserved the right to offer such amendments as they might desire when the bill comes before the house.

Corn Is Scarce

Nashua, N. H., Jan. 21.—A shortage in the corn supply is causing the people in this vicinity nearly as much concern as the coal question just at present. Dealers have a small supply and prices are correspondingly high. They blame existing conditions upon western speculators.

Minister Gets Ten Years

New Orleans, Jan. 23.—Rev. Jean Skyles, convicted of bigamy at Fort Gibson, was sentenced yesterday to 10 years in the penitentiary. He made an eloquent address to the court. The case will be appealed.

San Carlos Again Shelled

Maracabo, Jan. 22.—Three German war vessels, supposed to be the Panther, Vineta and Falke, began shelling the fort of San Carlos at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The fort returned the fire. The engagement was still in progress at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

SHELLED AGAIN

Twelve Soldiers in Fort San Carlos Killed by Germans

VILLAGE SUFFERS GREATLY

Owing to Inaccurate Aim of Warships, Whose Shells Fall Short of Intended Mark—Washington Officials See No Reason For Hostile Action

Maracabo, Jan. 23.—The bombardment of Fort San Carlos by the German cruisers Vineta, Panther and Falke was continued Wednesday afternoon until 6 o'clock. It was resumed yesterday morning at daybreak. The first shells were hurled at the fort at 4 o'clock at long range. At 6 o'clock the Panther, being of light draught, closed in and again became actively engaged. The fort replied. At 8 o'clock the engagement was proceeding as fiercely as on Wednesday.

The Panther left her position, close in to Fort San Carlos, which she took up earlier in the day, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and joined the Falke. The ship was half a mile outside the bar and about five miles from the fort.

At 3 o'clock the correspondent of The Associated Press, in a rowboat, approached one side of the fort, out of range, and from this point witnessed the long range fire of the German cruisers, which was continued from 3 until 6 o'clock. The Vineta and Falke were close together and nearer the fort than the Panther. The first two vessels, at a range of 4½ miles, poured in a continuous rain of shell upon the fort and only stopped firing with the advent of dusk at 6 o'clock. At that hour the German vessels retired seaward, after having made a second ineffectual attempt to land troops in the village of San Carlos, situated at the base of the fort.

At 7 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the correspondent, who was accompanied by a government telegrapher, bearing a telegram from President Castro to the commandant of San Carlos, landed on the island and entered the fort. The walls of the fort are terribly battered and there were many evidences of the fierce engagement. Twelve dead Venezuelan soldiers were counted behind the ramparts and 13 other men, seriously wounded, were lying on a low platform. The fort is literally covered with pieces of broken shells. It was seen that a great many of the German shells had not exploded. The magazine had a very narrow escape, two shells having come within an ace of penetrating it. The walls of the fort, which face towards the entrance of the lake, suffered particularly and were greatly damaged. It is estimated by the commandant, General Bello, that the German shells fired more than 1600 shells at Fort San Carlos.

Unfavorable Impression Created

Washington, Jan. 23.—The continued bombardment of Fort San Carlos by the Germans seems quite incomprehensible to the officials of the administration in Washington. They are casting about for a motive for this hostile action, but declare themselves unable to find one unless it be a simple desire of the Germans to make a show of force and recover what little prestige may have been lost in the retreat of the ship Panther when she was compelled to retire after shelling the same fort several days ago. This last act of the Germans, it is suggested, adds a picturesque feature to the whole blockading affair and gives to them an opportunity to demonstrate the effectiveness of Germany's naval strength on the Venezuelan coast. The bombardment has created a decidedly unfavorable impression here and a feeling of genuine regret at a time when negotiations looking to a settlement of the differences between Venezuela and her European claimants seems almost under way.

Official News Lacking

Berlin, Jan. 23.—The foreign office is very impatiently awaiting official news from Maracabo. The German newspapers express amazement at the fact that the government had not arranged for prompt information, "particularly in view of the seriousness of public opinion in the United States."

Crown Princess Sells Out

Dresden, Jan. 20.—Besides surrendering all her titles, etc., in consideration of the payment of the sum of \$7500 yearly, the Crown Princess of Saxony has full freedom of movement, so long as the Saxon and Austrian courts are informed beforehand of her intended changes of abode, and she is guaranteed freedom from arrest.

Killed With His Own Stiletto

Cordaville, Mass., Jan. 21.—The weapon which Baisille Augusto, an Italian, carried was the accidental cause of his death, for, while going up stairs yesterday, he tripped, and the stiletto plunged into his breast. He died from loss of blood before medical aid could reach him.

Julian Ralph Passes Away

New York, Jan. 21.—Julian Ralph, author and war correspondent, died last night at his home here. The cause of death was dropsy, complicated with other diseases. Mr. Ralph was born in New York in 1833. He leaves a widow and five children.

Casual Treaty Signed

Washington, Jan. 23.—The treaty between the United States and Colombia for the construction of the Panama canal by the United States was signed yesterday in this city.

Suicide Under Officers' Noses

Lewiston, Me., Jan. 20.—Fred E. Armour of this city committed suicide late yesterday by hanging, while locked in the city prison awaiting removal to an insane hospital. He wore a blanket into strips, making a rope. He placed one end about his neck and fastened the other end to an elbow of a steam pipe.

A RACE FOR LIFE

Fire Discipline of Boston Hospital Staff Checked Flames of Fire

Boston, Jan. 23.—Twenty-seven delirious male patients in Ward B of the city hospital were hastily removed through smoke and flames last night to places of safety, while 600 other patients in the big building, with the flames flickering at the windows, the firemen shouting and the engines puffing and striking outside in the yard, fairly quaked with fear.

Fortunately, the firemen were able to keep the fire confined to the ward where it originated, and a double force of nurses going from bed to bed were able to calm the excited sufferers and reassure the timid.

It was one of the male nurses who, in going to the lavement, discovered a lively fire burning in the woodwork, and at that time rapidly working its way into the ventilating shaft. He rushed up stairs to the two rooms above constituting the ward, and the alarm was at once sounded.

From all directions came the employees moving at top speed, led by Foreman O'Brien of the ambulance department, and in a jiffy the threatened ward, with its moaning, helpless sick, was filled with nurses. The work of removal was already under way when O'Brien with the main body of rescuers arrived.

But the fire almost won in the race for life. Before the three or four last patients were taken out the ward was choked with smoke, the flames were shooting up the ventilator shafts, and to further hamper the efforts of the men, the electric wires which ran up the shaft were burned off, leaving the ward in darkness. O'Brien rushed back and lighted the gas, so that the rest were removed, although badly affected by the smoke, to a place of safety.

The work of saving life happily ended, that of staying the flames began. By this time the fire department arrived and took hold of the fire in the usual professional style, and after two hours of hard work the last vestige was extinguished. The property damage will amount to several thousand dollars.

For Women Factory Inspectors

Providence, Jan. 23.—A resolution was introduced in the lower branch of the general assembly yesterday providing for the creation of a department of labor and the consolidation of the offices of commissioner of industrial statistics and factory inspector. The appointment of a woman as assistant factory inspector, the object being to further the work already begun of minimizing the evil of employing child labor in some of the factories and mills, is also provided for.

Missing Steamers Cause Anxiety

Boston, Jan. 23.—Anxiety in view of the heavy weather on the north Atlantic, is being felt here for some of the foreign steamers now on their way here with coal from British ports. Steamer Farnham left the Tyne Dec. 21, steamer Cleomatic sailed from Newcastle Dec. 30 and the Hazelmoor sailed from Shields the same day. The Exmoor left Cardiff Jan. 1, the Morocco left Hull Jan. 2, and six other steamers left coal ports on Jan. 3, none of which have yet been sighted.

Accidentally Shot Sister

Brookline, Mass., Jan. 23.—By the careless handling of a revolver George Bruno, 14 years old, shot his sister Helen, aged 12, yesterday, the ball entering the left side of her mouth, knocking out a tooth and lodging in the right side of the neck. George, taking the revolver from his father's drawer, loaded it and began fooling with it, when, just as his sister passed him, it was discharged. The girl was taken to a hospital.

A Case of Suicide

Walden, Mass., Jan. 23.—It is believed that despondency led Stratford J. Ryland of Charlestown, and receiving teller of the Boston Elevated road, to commit suicide some time last night in the solitude of his summer home in this town. His body was discovered sitting in a chair in the library. On the floor was a 32-calibre revolver, while in the left breast was one bullet wound that told the story of his death.

Planning Shipping Combination

Boston, Jan. 23.—In connection with a plan for a combination of interests by vessel owners, a committee is making investigations to ascertain the feasibility of such a project and an appraisal acting under the direction of the committee has been viewing a number of vessels in order that some figures may be available upon which to base financial estimates.

Little Fellow Saved From Death

Brattleboro, Vt., Jan. 23.—E. D. Taylor snatched Willie Cutworth, 4 years old, from a canal yesterday just as the boy was about to roll under the ice in the mill pond. The boy had coasted into the canal, and when taken out was unconscious, but Taylor rolled him in the snow and the men at a nearby factory completed the work of resuscitation.

Soft Coal Down

Boston, Jan. 23.—The price of soft coal was reduced from \$10 to \$9 a ton in Boston yesterday, thus making good the tentative promise of President Hamilton of the Metropolitan company that the public would ultimately benefit by the rebate of duty on foreign coal. No signs of a reduction on anthracite coal are apparent.

Mrs. Richardson In Sanitarium

Chelsea, Mass., Jan. 18.—Mrs. Harley Richardson, who alleged that her daughter, Katherine V. Richardson, attempted to poison her by putting arsenic in her medicine, has been taken to a sanitarium. When brought to Chelsea Mrs. Richardson was violent. One of the points upon which the defense at Miss Richardson's hearing had stress was that her mother was insane.

Strikers Leaving Amesbury

Amesbury, Mass., Jan. 20.—Offers of employment continue to come to the strikers and yesterday several of the men left Amesbury to work at their trade in other carriage manufacturing centres. There is no apparent change in the situation.

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We give you a Package of
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Help Wanted.
I WANT A FEW GOOD SALESMEN who call on the cigar trade throughout the New England States to introduce the "TIEB'S" CIGARETTE (the finest cigarette ever made). ROBERT APPLETON, JR., 71 King Street, New York. 62847

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For Sale
FARM at Adamsville, R. I., containing about 45 acres, with dwelling house, large stone barn and other buildings, for sale. Apply to ABRAHAM W. SHERSTER, Adamsville, R. I., or to WILLIAM P. SHEFFIELD, JR., 11-30-47
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NOTICE.
I have removed my ROOTS AND NAILS DISPENSARY and residence to 15 PARSONS STREET.
B. W. PRADDO

For Rent.
Good rooms in the Mercury Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given on April 1st. Enquire at the Mercury Office.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Tubal Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refer to the Mercury N. B. Hall. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Quaint and Original Epitaphs.

A remarkably interesting collection of epitaphs found at a social at the Newport Congregational church of (the church). The collection is drawn from a wide variety of sources and it seems worth while preserving. Here are some samples:

Here lies Mary, the wife of John Ford. We hope her soul has gone to the Lord's. But if for hell she has changed this life, she had better be there than in John Ford's wife.

WOMAN. Give not for me, my husband dear, I am not dead, but sleeping here. With patience wait—perhaps to die, And in a short time come to I.

MAN. I am not grieved, my dearest life, sleep on, I've got another wife. Therefore I cannot come to thee, For I must go and live with she.

She lived with her husband 59 years and died in the confident hope of a better life.

Beneath this silent stone is laid A noisy antiquated maid. Who from her cradle talked till death, And never before was out of breath.

Here rests in silent clay, Miss Arabella Young, Who on the 24th of May Begun to hold her tongue.

I told my wife beneath this stone, For her repose and for my own.

An Father Adam first was fooled— A case that's still too common. Here lies a man a woman ruled— The devil ruled the woman.

Here lies poor Thomas and his wife, Who led a pretty jarring life. But all is ended, do you see— He holds his tongue and so does she.

Here ming in grave my wife doth lie, Now she's at rest and so am I.

Here lies my wife, a mad stattern and more, If I said I regretted her I should be too.

Here lies the body of Chas. H. Fletcher, And Ruth, his wife. Their warfare is accomplished.

The light young life is gone out, (Added later after re-marrying) But I have struck another match.

Healer, I've left this world, in which I had a lot to do; Sweetest and fretting to get rich. Just such a fool as you.

He got a thimble in his throat, And then he sang an angel note.

Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Owyun, Who was a very pure within, She burst the outer shell of sin, And hatched herself a cherubin.

He was young; He was fair, But the toluine Tainted his hair.

Here lies I, Killed by a sky Bucket in my eye.

Here lies the body of Thomas Proctor Who lived and died without a doctor.

Beneath this stone our baby lays, He neither cries nor hollers; He lived just one and twenty days, And cost us forty dollars.

John K. (killed in the battle of Shiloh) was born in the state of New York where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Here lies Barnard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the 45th year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family.

Dinah had a little can, 'Twas filled with kerosene And soon among the twinkling stars Dynamic benzine. (Dinah might been seen.)

This stone was erected to the memory of —, who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives.

(On a dyer.) Beneath this turf a man doth lie Who dyed to live and lived to die.

(On a dentist.) He is filling his last cavity.

(On a Mr. Box.) Here lies one box within another, The one of wood was very good, We cannot say so much for 't'other.

(On another lawyer.) Here he lies—as he always did. Stranger, be civil. The rest God knows, So does the devil.

Sacred to the memory of— His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 21, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at — street in his village.

(On a grave digger.) Hurrah! My brave boys, Let's rejoice at his fall; For if he had lived, He had buried us all.

Beneath this stone in hope of Zion, Doth lie the landlord of the "Lion."

(On a lawyer.) See how God works wonders now and then, Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.

(Were there two men in the same grave?)

(On another lawyer named Strange.) Here lies an honest lawyer, that is Strange.

(On a doctor.) Here lies the corpse of Chard, Who filled the half of the churchyard.

Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days. None knew thee but to love thee. Nor named thee but to praise.

(Brevity.) Thy's Corpse.

Here the John Ham.

Who was killed by a gun. His name wasn't Ham, But his real name was Wood, But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, So I thought Ham would.

(On the Earl of Kildare, by Dean Swift.)

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill? Doubtful Kildare, Who dared kill whom he will.

(On William Quick.) Here lies the Quick and the dead.

(On a celebrated English cook.) Peace to his ashes.

(On an epitaph.) At length, my friends, this feast is over. I've eat sufficient, I can drink no more. My night is come, I've spent a jovial day.

'Tis time to part—but of what is to part?

(A common epitaph in early New England times.) Stranger, reflect as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I. As I am now, so you shall be. Prepare for death and follow me.

The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and a strip of the lettering and gilding) lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will appear once more in a more beautiful edition, corrected and augmented by the author.

(Inscriptions in Roman cathedrals.) Sleep in Christ, Live in the Lord Jesus, Victorious in Christ, In Christ

Live well, live never! Die well, live forever.

If there is a world above, he is in bliss; If there is not, he made the most of this.

Her hands left the Bible wide open, To tell us the way she had trod, With way-marks like footprints to tell on.

The path she had gone up to God.

Firing a Salute.

"On one of Uncle Sam's warships once," said a naval officer, "we had enlisted among our aboismen two Irishmen, Mike and Barney. They had come aboard three days after they landed in the country, but they learned some things so quickly that they had acquired a very definite idea of the meaning of the Fourth of July long before the day arrived, which was something like a month after we had sailed on our cruise. It chanced that the two were on an early morning watch together when Independence day dawned, and they at once began to plan for the proper welcome. They seemed to realize, you see, that there was necessity for an unusual display of patriotism."

Barney suggested they fire a salute from one of the forward eight pounders but Mike feared that would raise the entire ship. "Niver mind," answered Barney. "Do you hold a bucket fernish the muzzle, and 'twill deaden the sound."

And three minutes later that gun went off with such a roar as brought every man of the crew out of the midst of peaceful dreams.

"I sent for Barney. 'Now my man,' said I, 'tell me everything.'"

"Sure," he faltered, "it was only a bit of a celebration because of independence."

"And where's Mike?" I demanded.

"Captain, dear," he groaned, "he went after a bucket in weather, and if he comes back as quick as he went he's due right now."

And then the officer closed his story with the simple statement, "But Mike was never recovered."

Brave.

Aunt Ethel—Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?

Beatrice—Yes, auntie, I was.

"Then there's the half crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

"He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"

Good Reason.

Kind Old Lady—You're the damnest little boy in the whole crowd. How is it you keep your face so clean?

Nibsy Murphy—If I didn't me mud-derd wash it.—Judge.

A veteran of the Spanish war recently appealed to the Secretary of the Interior a case in which he claimed a pension on account of corns that he had contracted by wearing army shoes. The department, after an exhaustive course of reasoning, comes to the conclusion that corns are not a pensionable disability. The decision says: "Corns are inconvenient, but are seldom incapacitating and when they are the remedy is simple and within reach of any one. The soldier's patriotism ought not to terminate with his military service. It should prompt him to go to a chiropodist rather than to the pension bureau."

An improved machine for sealing envelopes has been invented by a man in Topeka, Kan. "In operation," says the Scientific American, "the envelopes are fed into a machine, the flaps moistened, turned, and finally pressed tightly to sealing position. The machine, it is claimed, will seal from eight thousand to fifteen thousand envelopes per hour of any ordinary bulk, mixed sizes, and especially adjusted will seal at about the same rate up to one-half inch in thickness."

Statistics of the fatal accidents in the Alps for the last ten years show a total of 275. Of the 821 deaths which resulted from the 275 fatal accidents, 190 were Germans or Austrians, forty-eight Swiss, twenty-three Italians, eighteen Englishmen and twenty-seven of other nationalities. Seven of those killed were women, seventy-three were guides and fourteen porters.

To settle once for all frequent disputes with customers regarding the varying size of eggs, Stockholm merchants propose to effect all future sales on the basis of actual weight instead of per score.

At present the proportion of working time is smaller in Britain than in any other nation. The assertion is true alike in respect of agriculture, of industry, of sheepkeeping, of commerce and of the professions.

Boys Who "Wen Out."

Unpleasant and small beginnings wouldn't discourage a boy. For instance, one of the most respected ministers in New York city, a man whose opinion is asked on all the questions of the day, who dines with President Roosevelt, and who is invited to California and Canada and various places to lecture to great crowds of people, had to leave school and work for \$1.50 a week to help take care of his mother when he was only nine years old.

The first trousers he and his little brother had were made of a figured skirt of their mother's. The boys were poor for skirts, and yet she was too poor to buy cloth. The clergyman, who is white haired now, says he will never forget the day he put on those bright colored trousers. The design was such a large one that only by standing ably by side so their four legs were in a row could they place out a whole figure.

Booker T. Washington, who has done so much for the colored people, who has visited many of the crowned heads of Europe, and who has now only to ask for the thousands of dollars his work needs to have it sent him, says he well remembers when a spoonful of molasses was all his mother could afford to give him with his dry bread for breakfast, and how he used to trail it in circles about over his plate to make it seem like more.

One of the ex-governors of New York began life as a clerk in a country store. A trip to the city was a great event in those days, and it was some time before his employers thought the boy could be trusted to make it alone. One day, at last, they sent him to New York with several commissions, one of which was to buy some corn. They anxiously awaited his return, fearing he would make some mistake. When he reported his day's work they were pleased with the price he paid for the corn, but were doubtful about the quality.

"Here's sample," said the boy, taking a handful of fine sized grain from his pocket. But they were very much disturbed when they found out the boy had bought twice as much as they had told him to.

"We shall lose money on it," they said.

"Oh, no," replied the boy. "I sold you what you did not need for a good profit, and he took out a fat roll of gold."

"Well," said his employers, after they had talked the matter over; "we think we will get some one else to do the office work and will take you into the business with us."

That was the beginning of a life of continued success.

Another Application.

"A wife," said the lecturer before the women's club, "should be like an open book to her husband."

But before he could go on and elaborate the idea that she should be so in order that her husband might shut her up when he chose, a man of foreign appearance, wearing one or two orders, interrupted. "Ah, just so—a pocket-book!"—Judge.

A Prejudiced Opinion.

"Is it true that men of genius do not know the value of money?"

"I'm afraid it is," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Most men of genius see so little of it that they never have a chance to form any definite ideas on the subject."—Washington Star.

"I spoke from the same platform last autumn with a funny fellow who told the best story I heard in the campaign," Representative Foster of Vermont was telling a group in one of the cozy corners of the House cloak-rooms, says the Washington Post. "It was used to illustrate the prevalence of good times for workmen."

"A man had landed in San Francisco, after extensive travels, mighty close to being 'busted.' He had decided to work rather than starve, and applied to a freight office of one of the transcontinental lines for a place as brakeman. The road had a job waiting for him, and he asked:

"How much do you pay a month?"

"We don't pay by the month."

"How much a week?"

"Don't pay by the week. We pay brakemen three cents a mile."

"Our 'busted' friend went to work on the first freight east from 'Frisco. As the locomotive pulled up into the mountains, it moved slower and slower and the new brakeman, counting the miles, began to be greatly dissatisfied with his job. But before reaching the summit the train broke in two. At the rate of fifty miles an hour the rear end went backing down the mountain side.

"Don't jump," shouted the conductor to the new brakeman. "Stick to it, and don't jump."

"Jump!" shouted back the brakeman. "Well, I guess I won't jump. What kind of a fool do you take me for, when I am making \$1.50 an hour?"

A hunter in the Rangeley region was rather nonplussed the other day, when a plump partridge alighted on the barrel of his gun.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are made especially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, etc., readily yield to the use of the Little Liver Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

One of the easiest things to get out of these days is a job.

If you are tired taking the large out-of-pocket griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Looking for trouble is one way to make it.

It will surprise you—try it.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh and is worth its weight in gold. Ely's Cream Balm does all that it is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. He used Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrh all left him.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcadia, Ill.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts. or mailed by Ely Brothers, 23 Warren St., New York.

The X-ray is being used in dentistry with considerable success.

Women's Dep't.

Non-Thomas B. Read on Women's Suffrage.

Thirty years ago hardly any political acquaintance of the people was gained by the presence of women. Had it needed a law to enable them to be present, what an argument could have been made against it! How easily it could have been shown that the coarseness, the dubious expressions, the general vulgarity of the scene, could have no other effect than to break down that purity of word and thought which women have, and which conservative and radical are alike anxious to preserve. And yet the actual presence of women at political meetings has not debased them, but has raised the other sex. Coarseness has not become diffused through both sexes, but has fled from both. To put the whole matter in a short phrase: The association of the sexes in the family circle, in society, and in business having improved both, there is no other history, reason nor sense to justify the association that association in politics will lower the one or demoralize the other.—Hon. Thomas B. Read.

American Girls at Oxford.

Lifed at Oxford, the alma mater and beneficiary of Cecil Rhodes, is distinctly unlike university life in America, says Miss Charlotte E. Joslyn, in the Union Signal. There are four institutions devoted exclusively to women, and admission may be obtained to Somerville College, Lady Margaret Hall, St. Hilda's, or St. Hugh's but the American student misses herself, instead, with the unattached members known as Home Students. The principal of this body secures board for the foreign student in a cultured English family, where she is immediately made to feel at home.

The American girls soon make the acquaintance of the girls at the Halls and Somerville College, and frequently go to tea parties in the girls' rooms. The English girls are never tired of listening to stories of our good times. They think American girls are very original, and they so innocently say, "You won't mind if we laugh, for you Americans have such a breezy way of putting things."

Afternoon teas of great importance in England, and the American who has registered and identified herself with the Home Students is immediately invited to many of these delightful occasions, either at some of the colleges or at private houses. At a man's college a chaperon is necessary, but at other places great freedom is allowed to the girl from the United States.

The most important event in November for an American is the dinner given on Thanksgiving night. For several years this national holiday has been observed by the Oxford-American Club, which consists of men from the United States who are studying at the University. All Americans who are in Oxford, both men and women, are invited to join the Club in its feast of turkey.

There exists at present a Ladies' American Club, which promises to be of service to women from the United States coming to study at Oxford. This Club, which meets once each term and on national holidays, is for purely social purposes and common helpfulness.

Against White Slave Traffic.

New York is to have five women immigrant inspectors to board incoming ocean liners and make thorough canvass of the women passengers in the first and second cabins, in order to learn the destination and intended vocations in this country of the young women who come here alone. The object is to prevent the traffic in young women for immoral purposes, to which recent investigations in Philadelphia and New York have called attention. Representations have been made to Secretary Shaw that at present there is no way in which first and second-class passengers may be inspected along "moral lines." Steamer passengers are landed at Ellis Island, where the representatives of the various religious and other organizations have opportunity to go among them, and where women brought here under false pretenses may be prevented from falling into the hands of such agencies as have been shown to exist in New York and Philadelphia. Many girls are brought to this country from France and Germany under the promise that they are to be employed as domestics and in other occupations, but are really imported for immoral purposes. In order to avoid possible detection at Ellis Island, these young women are brought as first and second cabin passengers. The National Y. C. T. U. has presented this condition of affairs to Secretary Shaw with such force that he has decided to send women inspectors on board ocean liners down the bay, where the regular inspectors are taken on board.

The Greatest Victory Yet.

The Boston Herald, which is opposed to equal suffrage, says: The triumph of the women suffragists in the new National Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth is their greatest achievement yet. It confers the right to vote for its members on all the women of Australia. This act enfranchises about 500,000 women. When those of New Zealand are added, who have been voting for nine years, and those of our own four States, a total is furnished of not less than a million and a quarter English-speaking women who are now exercising full political suffrage.

Places Must be Kept for Voters.

In Toledo, Ohio, the Board of Aldermen has made a rule that henceforward women shall be debarrd from employment as clerks or stenographers in the service of the city. The places are wanted for voters. Yet it is still asserted that lack of a ballot is no disadvantage to women.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children, while teething, or disturbed at night, and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering, and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach, cures Colic, Wind, Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP."

It is the brewer who is always looking for the bargain.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Your Money or Your Life.

"Which do you prefer, horses or automobiles?"

"Horses. With them you lose your money, but with the automobile you're liable to lose your life."—Ohio State Journal.

Teacher, Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him. Johnnie. Don't keep it up, do; he wrote it for me.—Detroit Free Press.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Only 35¢ You look at least 60. Restore color to your gray hair. Why not? J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Life in the Northwest."

If you have any idea of changing your location GO INTO THE NORTHWEST where life is worth living.

It is the coming empire of this country. Climate and elevation are found in great variety, and land will never be as low priced again as it is now. For farming, fruit raising and grazing no portion of our Country equals it. Irrigation makes the farmer independent where irrigation is practiced and the finest irrigable parts of our Country are in Montana and Washington. The towns and cities are all growing rapidly in the Northwest.

Let me know what you want and we will try to help you. There are all sorts of places and kinds of land in the Northwestern States through which the NORTHERN PACIFIC runs. Don't wait until it is too late to go.

Low Settlers' Rates are in effect during September and October. Write to me where you want to go and I will tell you what it will cost.

CHAS. S. FEE,

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., ST. PAUL, MINN.

DAILY EXCURSIONS

To CALIFORNIA

Through first-class and Tourist Sleeping Cars to points in California and Oregon every day in the year from Chicago.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY FROM CHICAGO.

LOWEST RATES, SHORTEST TIME ON THE ROAD, FINEST SCENERY.

Only route by which you can leave home any day in the week and travel in tourist cars on fast trains all the way. For descriptive pamphlets and full information inquire of nearest agent, or address W. B. KINSKERN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Just One Sample Ton of Jeddo Lehigh Coal

Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering than any other coal in this market. Lorberr, Lykens Valley and Pittston White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.

The GARDNER B. REYNOLDS CO., Opposite Post Office, and Sherman's Warehouse, Given to Farmers in Lehigh.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write in one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Editors will not be responsible for the return of letters unless accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1903.

NOTES.

CONCERNING THE PECKHAMS.

BY S. F. PECKHAM.

(Continued.)

As before stated John Peckham and his wife became large landholders. They were soon large holders in the Narragansett tract and were parties to the Western purchase in 1681 and the East Greenwich purchase in 1677. They also had interest in the small islands in Narragansett Bay and the larger island of Rhode Island. In 1640 they bought a tract of a mile square in Little Compton and built a house on it that stood 200 years, and in which 6 generations of Peckhams were born. In the 18th century the descendants of John Peckham held lands across the country from Stonington, Ct., to New Bedford, Mass., including nearly every town in Rhode Island and ten towns in Massachusetts.

1. John Peckham (John, John). It is probable that John Peckham became a Quaker early in life and married a Quakeress. He is nowhere mentioned with his father and brothers Thomas and William who were associated in the 1st and 2d Baptist churches of Newport. He lived in Little Compton in close proximity to Dartmouth, Mass., where with his brother Stephen he was brought in contact with the strongest Quaker influences of that time. He son John married Margaret Bennett, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Bennett of Newport, R. I. They were all friends and their children married into the prominent Quaker families of that neighborhood. Joseph (John, John), married 1st, Elizabeth Wilbur of Samuel, William, Samuel Wilbur and 2d Anne Gould widow of Jacob and daughter of John and Barbara Slocum. The Wilburs, Goulds and Slocums were all prominent among Friends. Their son John married Mary Wood, and Samuel married Anne Wood. Samuel and Anne moved about 1775 to Little Narragansett, Duxbury, Co., N. Y., where Samuel kept a hotel on the neutral ground during the Revolution where he entertained the officers of both armies. Their descendants are numerous in Eastern New York. William M. Peckham of the firm of Manning and Peckham of Troy, N. Y., manufacturers of manilla paper, and others are descendants of Samuel and Anne. So also were Joseph C. and Reuben J. Peckham who were for many years honored citizens of Providence, R. I., the former being for many years City Treasurer of Providence. Their children are still Friends in the 7th generation from John Peckham, Beth, Samuel and Nathan, sons of Samuel and Anne married sisters, Mary, Desha and Lydia Osborne, daughters of Amos and Lydia (Southwick) Osborne. Reuben and Benjamin (Joseph, John, John), married in Rhode Island and their descendants remain there.

2. Peleg (John, John), lived in Newport and married Ann Holmes. Their two children died young. 3. Joseph Peckham (John, John). He lived on the estate in Middletown that was allotted to his grandfather. He was a farmer and a zealous member of the society of Friends. He married 1st Jan. 1, 1705, Mary Evans, a daughter of Richard and Pudence (Allen) Evans, of Newport, R. I. She was born Oct. 6, 1705. Her father was also an active Friend. He contributed \$1 to the erection of the Apogee street Friends meeting house in Dartmouth, Mass., in 1692. Her mother was sister to Ebenezer and Increase Allen who were also contributors and active members of that meeting. Joseph Peckham married 2d Wm. Gould, daughter of Daniel and Wm. (Coggshall) Gould. She was born May 8, 1676, and died after 1740. Her father was the son of Jeremiah and Priscilla (Grover) Gould and was one of the Quakers who was persecuted by the Boston Puritans, having been whipped and imprisoned in a common jail and deprived of his ears. Her mother was the youngest daughter of Gov. John Coggshall. Joseph Peckham and Mary Evans had one son, Joseph, who married Pudence Carr, and died young leaving her a widow. She afterward married Edward Bates of Salem, Mass. Joseph Peckham and Wm. Gould had three children who reached maturity. Mary married Heskiah Babcock, afterwards of South Kingston; their daughter Mary married Joseph Peckham. Their second child, a son Peleg, married Elizabeth Coggshall, daughter of Thomas Coggshall (Joshua, John), and Mary Fretton, a granddaughter of William and Mary Fretton. Both John Coggshall and William Fretton were disowned in Boston and were with the Hutchinsons the founders of Portsmouth. Joshua Coggshall, son of John, and brother of Wm. (Coggshall) Gould, had become a most zealous Quaker, also his sons Thomas and his wife Mary Fretton. Peleg Peckham was the master of a vessel trading with Barbadoes and other West Indian ports. Letters which he wrote from there to his wife, are still in existence.

(To be continued.)

LITCHFIELD—The second number of "The Litchfield Family in America" by W. J. Litchfield, Southbridge, Mass., is ready to be sent to purchasers upon application to the compiler.

QUERIES.

3708. AKIN—Mrs. Mary Akin (a widow) purchased 20 acres of land in Newport, R. I., Sept. 22, 1675, from Miles Standish and others. Is there any record of this? Is there any record of her will?—B. A. S.

3707. LUTHER—Heskiah Luther, b. probably at Taunton, Mass., 1610, died at Swansea, July 25, 1728; m. 1st, Elizabeth, and 2d, Sarah. Which wife was the mother of Heskiah, b. Swansea, Aug. 27, 1678? Would like her name in full, parents, etc., with dates and places of birth, marriage and death.—E. B.

3709. BRAYTON—Preserved Brayton, b. Portsmouth, R. I., Mar. 8, 1685; d. at Swansea, May 21, 1761; m. Content at Swansea, I think. Possibly her name was Baulston, Baulston or Baulstone. Can any one tell me?—E. B.

3710. STAPLES—Samuel Staples, probably of Bellingham, Mass., and whom? He died at Southfield, R. I., Jan. 17, 1742. Who were their ancestors? Their daughter Susanna, b. —, m. when? She was 2d. wife of Philip Arnold.—E. B.

3711. LITCHFIELD—Lot (or Lot) Litchfield, born in 1765, brother of Jacob, was married twice, according to Seltwater records. First, in 1777, to Rachel Litchfield. Was she the daughter of Nicholas and Sarah (Studley) Litchfield, and when was she born and when did she die? The only child and heir of Lot Litchfield (according to the will of his father, in 1783) was Luther Litchfield, born Feb. 8, 1778. What became of this Luther Litchfield? It is supposed that Luther, son of Lot, was on the "Maline" (a Cohasset fishing vessel) when it was lost in 1810, but he was rescued (see Hist. Cohasset, Mass., pages 423-44). Is this true? If these Luthers were not identical, who was Luther, the rescued one? The second wife of Lot Litchfield was "widow" Rachel Litchfield, to whom he was married in 1782. Lot Litchfield died before Dec. 29, 1783. Who was this "widow" Rachel, and what became of her? Give all data concerning these two Rachels.

Nicholas Litchfield, born Mar. 10, 1707-8, married Mar. 23, 1737-8, Sarah Studley, born in 1718, daughter of James and Sarah (Farrow) Studley. He died before Mar. 20, 1780, and after Apr. 29, 1777. Can anyone give the exact date? Sarah, his widow, died between 1791 and 1798. The exact date is desired. They had nine children, and all but Rachel were baptized at Seltwater, 1739-1757. In this list there are two Elizabeths, one baptized in 1748, and the other in 1757. Were there also two Johns? One John was baptized in 1761. Can anyone give the birth dates of Amos (baptized 1763), John (baptized 1761), Elizabeth (baptized 1757), and of Rachel?

James Litchfield, born in 1783, oldest child of Nicholas and Sarah (Studley) Litchfield, married twice. His first marriage, Seltwater, Mar. 2, 1783, was to Anna Gordon, and they had two children, viz., Susannah, baptized Dec. 14, 1786, and Anna, baptized (after father's second marriage), Nov. 10, 1771. Who was Anna Gordon? When and where were her birth and death? Susannah married a Bailey, and Anna, a Stone, each before 1788. Nothing more is known of them except it is reported that they went to New York, near Lake Champlain, to live. Wanted: Full particulars.—J. L.

ANSWERS.

1830. CUSHING—Matthew Cushing, his wife and five children, came to New England in 1635. His wife's name was Nazareth Pitcher, daughter of Henry Pitcher, married, 1618, in England.—E.

22. HAMES—James Himes (or Hames) was the son of William Hames, of Exeter, and his wife Lydia Whitford. William died there in 1791.—J. B. N.

781. LAWTON—Capt. John Lawton, known as John Jr., was the son of Isaac and Mary (Hill) grandsons of Isaac and Elizabeth Tallman, and great-grandson of Thomas Lawton. He was born 1708, Nov. 10, and married 1729, Oct. 30, Naomi Lawton, of Newport. She died 1744, Sept. 15, in her 31st year and Capt. John married for his second wife, Mary Earl, 1745-6, Jan. 28.

Who Naomi Lawton was is hard to say. I think she was the daughter of Robert, granddaughter of George and Naomi (Hunt), and great-granddaughter of George Lawton. If so she was named for her grandmother Naomi (Hunt) who by the way after the death of her first husband married Isaac Lawton, the grandfather of Capt. John. If the will of Robert (George, George) Lawton can be found it might throw some light on the matter. Will S. D. kindly let me hear from him if he finds any conclusive evidence of Naomi's parentage?—P. L.

Back Numbers Wanted. JOSEPH J. CASEY, 28 East 17th Street, Manhattan, New York, wishes a copy of each of the following dates of the MERCURY, for the year 1899:

Feb. 11, March 18, April 8, July 22, 1899.

The genealogical part is wanted. Good price. 14-3c

They Knew Cyrus. Hiam—Yes, old Cyrus Kale went to the town paper and advertised for a cook, landress, seamstress, wood cutter, barn yard attendant, milk, soapmaker.

Silas—Stop! How in tarnation much space did all them advertisements take up?

Hiram—That was only one advertisement. Old Cy advertised in the personal column for a wife.—Chicago News.

Might Try a Couplet. "Well," exclaimed the persistent poet, upon opening his mail. "I call that encouraging."

"Have they accepted something?" asked his wife.

"No, but instead of the printed rejection slip the editor returns my quatrain with a criticism in his own hand."

"What does he say?" "He says, 'Here with we return your quatrain; it is too long.'"—Exchange.

Scheme That Failed.

"My dear," said Especk as he laid down the evening paper, "do you think I'm too old to take up the study of astronomy?"

"John," replied the other half of the combination, "I think you are an old fool if you imagine that will serve as an excuse for remaining out all night."

It's Economy to use the Best.

RUMFORD

BAKING POWDER

Has No Equal.

No Poor Pies,

No half-baked bread, no big coal bills, or bills for repairs with

CRAWFORD RANGES.

The single regulating damper helps you start the fire quickly; heat the oven quickly or gradually as you wish; the fire-bricked oven plate keeps the oven from losing a particle of its heat, enabling you to get better results with less fuel than in any other range built. They weigh heavier than other ranges, but cost no more—they cost less here than in any other store in New England.

COMPARE AND SEE.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

What We Would Like to Do For You.

- 1st.—Locate the agency for the sale of your property. Sell your desirable real estate either for a home or an investment.
- 2d.—Rent your cottages and tenements.
- 3d.—Place your insurance in first class companies at low rates: Fire, Life, Marine, Accident, Plate Glass and Casualty.
- 4th.—Do your notary work, draw your deeds, etc.
- 5th.—Make investments for you, any line: Real Estate, Bonds, Stock, etc.

In a nut-shell make ourselves generally useful to you.

Wm. E. Brightman,

CORNER SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS.

Telephone 954.

FARMERS

WHO WANT NEW AND FRESH

SEEDS

WILL FIND THEM AT THE

NEW SEED HOUSE.

F. L. ZIEGLER,

PRACTICAL SEEDSMAN, 18 BROADWAY.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1902, by W. T. Foster.

St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 24.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent January 28 to February 1, warm wave 27 to 31, cool wave 30 to February 3.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about February 2, cross west of Rockies by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states February 7.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about February 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about February 5, great central valleys February 7, eastern states 9.

Temperature of the week ending February 2 will average below normal in the northwest, below in southwest, above normal on Pacific coast, below in Ohio valley, lake region and north-eastern states. Rainfall will be above normal in southwest, below in southeast, about in northeast, above in northwest and below on Pacific slope.

Immediately following date of this bulletin moderate temperatures will prevail in northwest and southwest, while temperature will be normal on Pacific slope, moderate in Ohio valley, about great lakes and in northeastern states, normal in southeastern states.

I am expecting a riproaring blizzard not far from the last of January accompanied by all the disagreeable expensive accompaniments. Old forests, whose headquarters are on Bothia Island at 70 north and 91 west where the magnetic needle stands on its head, seems to have prolonged his New Years holidays permitting that cold wave to run riot; but I may be that he is angry at us; at least I would advise all to be prepared for the worst as we approach the coming month.

February temperature will make a line like a rainbow, high in the middle and low at both ends. The month will come in and go out with general cold waves, severe and stormy weather.

But the middle part of the month will be warm enough to make the month average about normal.

"That isn't a very comfortable chair to sit in, old man. And your wife gave you a handsome easy chair Christmas."

"Yes, she gave me a very comfortable chair, but I can't sit in it."

"Why not?" "Because my wife is always occupying it."

Brads. Going to make any new resolutions this year, Spikes?

Spikes. New ones? I should say not. I've got a lot of old ones I've never used, by Jove!

First Episcure. Oysters should be doubly good in February.

Second Episcure. Why?

First Episcure. Because it has two rain in it.—Judge.

BOSTON STORE.

ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE.

GLOVES

We will place on sale Monday morning a lot of Ladies' Gloves, in our regular one dollar lines comprising French Soede, English Pique, Dogskin, and real Mohair, all sizes can be found in this lot, and every desirable shade. While the lot lasts the price is

49c. a pair

CORSETS

Langdon & Batchellor's "True Fit" Corsets in white only. While we regret that the supply of this corset fell so short of the demand last week, we take some pleasure in offering this as a consolation lot, all sizes, 10 to 30. Regular price 50c., for this sale,

25c. a pair

BLANKETS

A small lot of Wool Blankets, sizes 11-14 and 12-14, slightly shop-soiled. Regular prices \$1.75 and \$2; while the lot lasts,

\$1.19 a pair

Finest-quality Diamond Valley Wool Blankets; pink, blue and yellow borders, size 11-14. Regular price \$9; sale price,

\$6.50 a pair

FURNISHINGS

Men's Cardigan Jackets, colors black, brown and grey, small and medium sizes only. Regular price \$1.50; sale price,

89c. each

Men's Camel's Hair and Natural Wool Socks. Regular price 25c.; sale price,

12c. a pair

Boys' Corduroy and Tweed Knee Pants, sizes 4 to 16 years, taped seams, well made and properly finished. Regular price 50c.; sale price,

39c. a pair

Men's Heavy Ribbed Halbrigan Undershirts and Drawers. Regular price \$1; sale price,

75c. each

Boys' Flannel Night Shirts, heavy fleecy cloth, good styles, sizes 4 to 12 years. Regular price 50c.; sale price,

39c. each

FLANNELS

32-inch Scotch Flannel, in plain and fancy stripes, colors absolutely fast. Regular price 25c.; sale price,

19c. a yard

Heavy Shaker Flannel, in lengths of 10 yards. Regular price 6c.; sale price,

4c. a yard

Embroidered Flannel for skirts, in hemstitched and fancy edges. Regular prices \$1, \$1.25, \$1.37 1/2; sale price,

75c. a yard

NOTICE.

HAVING been appointed by the Hon. City Council an Inspector of Weights and Measures and Kerosene, I may be found at my office on the ground floor of the City Hall, daily, from 10 to 12 a.m.

JOHN W. PIERCE, JR.,
City Seal and Inspector of Kerosene.
Newport, R. I., Jan. 12th, 1903—1-17-2c

Newport National Bank.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank, held Tuesday, January 13, 1903, the following gentlemen were elected directors:

Henry Hull, Jr., Henry C. Stevens,
William P. Dennis, David Coggshall,
William Bailey, Grant P. Taylor,
Albert K. Sherman.

At a meeting of the directors held the same day the following officers were unanimously elected:

Henry Hull, Jr., President.
Henry C. Stevens, Cashier.
Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Assistant Cashier.
William C. Stevens, Teller.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, held the same day, the following officers were elected:

President, Edward A. Brown.
Vice President, Perry G. Case.
Cashier, George H. Proud.
Teller, Everett S. Gresson.
Clerk, Harold H. Chase.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Jan. 13, 1903—1-17

First National Bank.

AT A MEETING of the stockholders, held this day, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the year ensuing:

Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham,
Henry C. Case, David Coggshall,
David Brannan, Grant P. Taylor.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, held the same day, the following officers were elected:

President, Edward A. Brown.
Vice President, Perry G. Case.
Cashier, George H. Proud.
Teller, Everett S. Gresson.
Clerk, Harold H. Chase.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Jan. 13, 1903—1-17

New England Commercial Bank.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders, held Tuesday, January 13th, 1903, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing year, viz:

Nicholas Underwood, Eliza Anthony,
Harwood C. Read, Joseph P. Colton,
John Allen.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, held the same day, the following officers were elected:

Joseph P. Colton was re-elected President.
N. Underwood, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Jan. 13, 1903—1-17

CANE SEAT

Chairs Reseated.

JOHN PENGELLAY,
1 ELM STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

LACES, ETC.

50 pieces Hamburg Embroidery, embracing a great variety of new designs. Regular price 50c.; sale price,

3c. a yard

Black, white and Fern Bands, Edgings and Insertions, widths from 3 to 5 inches. Were 50c. to \$1; sale price

25c. a yard

CURTAINS

Arabian Striped Curtains, with madder flake effect, red and green tones. Regular price \$1.25; sale price,

89c. a pair

Curtains of Irish point lace, 31 yards long. Regular price \$3; sale price,

\$1.98 a pair

Curtain Muslin, 40 inches wide, in striped and figured effects. Regular price 12c. and 15c.; sale price,

8c. a yard

Sash Curtains in materials of various designs, striped and figured. Regular price 25c. and 30c.; sale price,

18c. a pair

WASH GOODS

Boys' Flannellette in a wide range of colorings, reproduced very successfully from the much more expensive foreign fabrics. Original price 12c.; sale price,

8c. a yard

Dress and Waistling (Rhineham, in dainty colorings, stripes, plaids and checks. Regular price 25c.; sale price,

15c. a pair

White Lawns, in fancy weaves, very much sought for for waists and children's dresses. Regular price 20c. and 25c.; sale price,

15c. a yard

Printed Dimities and Lawns, in floral and Dresden designs, light and dark colorings. Regular price 15c.; sale price,

10c. a yard

NOTIONS

Babbitt's "Best Soap," two cakes for

5c.

Machine Oil, three bottles for

5c.

24 sheets Note Paper and 24 Envelopes for

3c.

12 Lead Pencils, nickel tops, with rubber,

10c.

Blotting Paper, size 17 by 24, sheet,

2c.

Stafford's Ink, 2 ounce cone,

2c.

1803 Diaries, each,

5c.

Nickel Alarm Clocks, each,

59c.

Balloy's Perfumed Talcum Powder, box,

2c.

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A WONDERFUL SYSTEM for finding the lost or missing word that a

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